

Miscellaneous

How the Doctor Got Lost in a Snow-drift.

We think the following story "too good to keep," and, we promise not to betray the hero's name and place of residence, we hope he will forgive us for telling how he got lost in a snow storm.

It was a pleasant place—the home of the Doctor—just in the edge of the woods. The house was one of those neat little cottages where one always expects to find comfort, peace and happiness.

It was almost hidden among the trees with which the grounds had been so lavishly adorned. Some were so large that you would think they must be centuries old.

The Doctor and his wife lived here alone, with the exception of a boy whom the Doctor had taken to do chores for him, and to be company for his wife when he was attending his patients; for although, as I said, he was getting old, the people of the little village near could not have been persuaded to give up their faithful physician.

One day it had been snowing—such a snow storm as you Western people seldom see. The beautiful white flakes seemed to vie with each other to see which should reach its destination soonest, and the sky above seemed one endless sheet of snow.

"Well," said the Doctor to his wife, as he returned from his round of calls, "I am glad there are not many sick just now, for I think home is the best place for an old man like me; and he shook the snow from his great coat and handed it to Bruce to hang up, saying that he should not need it any more that night.

Just as he had seated himself at the tea-table and his wife was pouring out his tea, a loud rap was heard at the door.

"It is some belated traveler," decided the Doctor as he rose to open the door. "I want you to go and see my wife, Doctor," said the visitor as he seated himself by the fire.

"What! go ten miles such a night as this? It is impossible," retorted the Doctor.

"It fears he will die," said the man, "unless you do. I have a man here with me, and we have shovels; we will see you safe through, if you will go."

The amount of it was the Doctor went. It is not my purpose to dwell on his ride there; for it was made comparatively easy by the aid of strong arms and shovels; nor of the sick woman, but of his journey home. The snow was still whirling thick and fast as the Doctor tucked himself snugly in his light cutter for the homeward trip, and started off briskly; for Nellie was anxious to get home to her warm stable.

The Doctor was not very well acquainted with the roundabout way he came, and with the darkness and blinding snow he soon became bewildered. So after a while, thinking he had ridden farther than the distance to his home, he thought he would trust his horse to get him out of the difficulty, and gave Nellie full liberty to choose her own road; so after he had gone on for some time longer, Nellie stopped and whinnied. The Doctor unmounted a little, and peered around in the darkness and snow.

"Why, Nellie, where are we?" he said. This looks very much like Chestnut Ridge; yes, there's the opening in the trees, at the turn in the road on the brow of the hill—this must be Chestnut Ridge—eight miles from home. Well, Nellie we may as well camp for the night, for we can't get home."

"How lucky that Bruce supplied us with blankets," soliloquized the Doctor as he unrolled Nellie from the cutter, and fastened one of the blankets on her, and turned her loose to look out for herself. Then spreading a buffalo robe on the snow and turning the cutter up, he wrapped himself in his blanket, and crawled into his novel bed and was soon sound asleep.

His faithful dog was very uneasy all night at his master's absence and bounded out at the first opportunity to look for him. Finding the cutter in such a novel condition; he began to bark furiously around it.

You can judge of the Doctor's astonishment, when he came out of his bed room, to find himself in his own door yard, and Nellie standing at the stable door, wondering, no doubt, why she was treated so coolly.—Western Rural.

The Squire and His Wife.

The Squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed to be interrupted by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" impatiently said the Squire. Business detained the friend until after dinner time, and the Squire urged him to remain. The Squire was a generous provider, proud of his table, and he complacently escorted his friend to a seat. A little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the wife began quietly to dish up.

"My dear," said the Squire, "where are the meats?" "There are none to-day," said his lady. "No meats! What in the name of poverty is the vegetable then. Why don't you have them brought in?"

"You didn't order any." "Order! I didn't order anything," said the amazed Squire.

"You forget," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what we should have, and you said, 'let us alone.' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the Squire, after looking legibus a moment, joined him.

"Wife, I give it up. I owe you one here is the fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet which I deeded you." The Squire forked over. "Now let us have peace, and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the paper rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry, and vegetables, was brought in.

A few days afterwards the Squire remained working in his garden sometime after the usual tea hour. His wife grew impatient of delay, and went to find him. His excuse when asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement.

"Some one's to come to supper," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? I declare you are the proudest man!"

And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and stick up her hair for the occasion. This done, she came out and found the Squire seated at the table reading his newspaper.

"Where's your company?" "My company! I haven't any company."

"But you said you expected somebody to supper," exclaimed the indignant wife.

"My dear, I said no such thing. You asked me what I was waiting for, and I said summons to come to supper—that's what I was waiting for, my dear, and I came at once."

Tea and Coffee.

Taking into account the habits of the people, tea and coffee for supper and breakfast add to human health and life, if a single cup be taken at either meal and is never increased in strength, frequency or quantity. If they were mere stimulants, and were taken thus in moderation and with uniformity, they would, in time, become either inert, or the system would become so habituated to their employment as to remain in the same relative position to them, as if they had never been used, as they are so liable to abuse. But science and fact unite in declaring them to be nutritious as well as stimulant; hence they will do a new good to the system every day, to the end of life, just as bread and fruits do; hence we never get tired of either. But the use of bread and fruits is daily abused by multitudes, and dyspepsia and cholera morbus result; yet we ought not to forego their employment on that account, not should we forego the use of tea and coffee because their inordinate use gives neuralgias and other ailments.

But the habitual use of tea and coffee, at the last and first meals of the day, has another high advantage—is productive of incalculable good in the way of averting evils.

We will drink at our meals, and if we do not drink these, we will drink what is worse—cold water, milk, or alcoholic mixtures. The regular use of these last will lead the young to drunkenness; the considerable employment of simple milk, at meals, by sedentary people—by all, except the robust—will either constipate or render bilious, while cold water, largely used—that is to the extent of a glass or two at a meal especially in cold weather—attracts to itself so much of the heat of the system, in raising said water to the temperature of the body (about one hundred degrees) that the process of digestion is arrested; in the meanwhile, giving rise to a deathly sickness of the stomach, to twisting pains, to vomitings, purgings, and even to cramps, to fearful contortions, and sudden death; which things would have been averted, had even the same amount of liquid in the shape of simple hot water been used. But any one knowing these things, and being prejudiced against the use of tea and coffee, would subject himself to be most unpleasantly stared at and questioned, if not ridiculed were he to ask for a cup or glass of hot water. But as tea and coffee are universal beverages, are on every table, and everybody is expected to take one or the other as a matter of course, they are unwittingly the means of safety and of life to multitudes. They save life where a glass of cold water, would have destroyed it. So that the use of these beverages is not merely allowable, it is politic; it is a necessity.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Quarreling.

The tendency to let any dispute drift into a quarrel is very much a matter of habit; but it is a habit which may be greatly modified, if not wholly cured. We should teach ourselves, to begin with, that moderation in language and temper is evidence, not of weakness of character, but of the reverse. While a dispute is yet in embryo, moderation and self-control may remove it; but when it passes that stage—when it is developed into a quarrel—then all hope of settling the matter to rights is at an end. The prudent man will now simply withdraw himself from the affair, instead of needlessly embittering himself in a useless struggle. Of course it requires some discretion to know when the dispute has reached the point of being irreparable; and it is at this point that it should be thrown up. Considerations of false pride should not be allowed to interfere. No matter how just your cause is, there is nothing to be gained by declining against the injustice of an obdurate opponent, who sees only right on his side. A man ought to study the history and developments of former quarrels in which he has been engaged, in order to see how resultless they were, and what an enormous waste of time and temper they involved. He will see the misunderstanding grow more definite, until it reaches that stage at which it is impossible to remove it without the most heroic abnegation on one side or the other. He will perceive that neither side is willing to take the lead in coming to an arrangement. The cause of dispute becomes, by argument, bigger. Each disputant is now more confirmed in his notions. By-and-by, they are not so anxious to prove themselves in the right as to punish each other for being quarrelsome and causing annoyance. The original ground of quarrel is lost sight of in this

sense of mutual injury. They are angry with each other because each has quarrelled, and the quarrel is continued out of revenge. How does it end? Time the great pacifier, smooths down their wrath; but look at all they have suffered and lost in the interim! It is fortunate, indeed, if one or the other perceives the obvious lesson, and resolves thenceforth to abandon any dispute which reaches the irretrievable and merely recriminatory stage.

Fox-Fire.

By F. H. G.

When I was a boy, my father was a farmer, and I had three brothers older than myself. They were full of their pranks and seldom allowed an opportunity to pass unimproved, to play off some joke on one another. I remember one night while I lay in my trundle-bed in a lower room, the brother next above me went up to his chamber to go to bed but presently he hallowed and screamed in great fright, and came rushing down stairs with all possible speed. The older boys had prepared a fright for him in this wise: One of them had been playing that day in a stumpy lot, and decaying roots were brought up by the plow and they ascertained in the evening that many pieces were phosphorescent.

Phosphorescence is the quality of emitting light without heat. There are many substances that possess this quality, and among others, decaying fish and wood. Under favorable circumstances they will be nearly as luminous in the dark as a live coal. Decayed wood in this condition is commonly called fox-fire.

They brought their pockets full of fox-fire to the house, and slipped up to his chamber unobserved; they cut it into suitable pieces and strips, and then arranged them in the form of a skeleton on the top of his bed. The head was very large, with an enormous mouth and frightful teeth; and in general outline the whole resembled the human form. It was a dark night, and brother William—he was the scared one—approached his bed unsuspectingly, and as was his wont, without a light. He was naturally rather cowardly in the night, and then in those days we believed in witches, goblins and spooks. Young people now a days are more correctly instructed, and scarcely one can be found simple enough to cherish such false and superstitious notions.

Suddenly the fiery picture fell upon the floor, as he turned around the large chimney to approach his bed. His excited imagination filled out what may have been imperfect in the image, and it seemed to him like a veritable ghost, which he declared it to be upon recovering his speech after he came down stairs. There was a great uproar in the family for a few minutes, but of course it was all made plain, and William crept under his comfortable, vexed at himself that he should be frightened by so familiar a thing as fox-fire or poke-wood as we used to call it.

If he had exercised presence of mind he would have prevented the most of his fright, and his subsequent mortification. A second thought would have revealed the whole plot to him, but he was to impetuous—he could not wait for a second thought. This is a failing with most people, and all should watch and guard against it. We often bear girls and even young ladies, shriek as if mortally hurt, from a very slight cause. This infirmity can be to a great extent controlled by habit of thought—by cultivating self-possession—presence of mind. We should all try, and that continually; to not be frightened—not to be caught off our guard.

American Hotel.

FRIDMONT, N. Y.

Proprietor.

Having just installed my Hotel and furnished it throughout with new Furniture, I now ask the public to give me a call. Good accommodations and charges reasonable. This Hotel is located nearest to the business and Depot.

TO RENT—A comfortable dwelling house, three doors west of H. P. Bundy's. For further particulars enquire of Mrs. Bee, on the premises.

Harper's Magazine.

The November number completes the thirty-ninth volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. While no change is contemplated in the general character of the Magazine, the Conductors will not fail to avail themselves of any suggestions which may add to its present interest or permanent value. Special and increased attention will be given to the departments of Popular Science, and to the Arts. Papers on these subjects will be profusely illustrated. It is proposed that the various Editorial Departments shall have a complete re-arrangement. Each of these departments is placed in the charge of one member of the Editorial Corps, and, under the supervision of the Editor-in-Chief, The Envy Chair will continue upon topics relating to social life and manners. The Book Table will continue the important books of the day. The Monthly Record will give all important political news. The Drawer will present the facts and anecdotes of the times. HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any other similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of the Conductors will enable them to treat fully all topics embraced in their plan. The publishers feel themselves warranted in asking and anticipating for the future a continuance of the favor which has been accorded to their enterprise in the past.

Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of, and commentary upon the events of the times. It will treat of every topic, Political, Historical, Literary, and Scientific, which is of current interest. In November a new story will be commenced by Wilkie Collins, the author of No Name, Arcturion and Moonstone. Subscribers will be furnished with the WEEKLY from the commencement of the story to the close of 1870 for \$4 00.

Harper's Bazaar.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the Home. It is especially devoted to all subjects pertaining to Domestic and Social Life. It furnishes the latest Fashions in dress and ornament; describes in-door and out-door Amusements; contains Stories, Essays, and Poems—every thing, in brief, calculated to make an American Home attractive.

TERMS FOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year, \$4 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Copy for One Year, \$4 00. HARPER'S BAZAR, One Copy for One Year, \$4 00. The three publications, the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR, will be sent to any address, for one year, for \$12 00; or for six months, for \$7 00. The Volume of the MAGAZINE commences with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscribers whose names are on the Number next after the receipt of his order. An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five Subscribers, who send \$1 00 each in one month, or six copies, without extra copies, of either publication, for \$1 00.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for \$5 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY, each containing the Numbers for a Year, will be furnished for \$7 00, freight paid by the Publisher. The Publishers of the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, will be glad to receive orders for the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, at the office where received. If there are subscribers to the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, the name and address should be clearly written on the envelope, and the name of the subscriber should be written on the envelope, and the name of the subscriber should be written on the envelope. Each periodical is supplied with the name of the subscriber, and the name of the subscriber should be written on the envelope. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so. For prices, see cards.

JUST THE THING

Just the thing for you, when you get the best right at your door.

J. C. Green, Green's Corners

is agent for the

Singer's Sewing Machine.

has best machines there is made. Call and see it work and you will be satisfied.

National Hotel.

FRIDMONT, N. Y.

ADAM SHULTS, Proprietor. This old and favorite resort for the traveling public and the citizens of Allegany county, has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who, having thoroughly renovated and reconstructed it, desires himself, from his long experience in the business that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. He desires to see his friends and the traveling public, generally. Free carriage to and from all Passenger-trains. Good Stabling, etc. A. SHULTS.

Hogs, Pigs,--Digs, Hogs.

I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allegany and surrounding counties, that I have a crew of extra good Hogs, known as the

WHITE CHESTER

have two Breeding Sows, (one with pig) one boar and a number of Stags. Which I will sell at a bargain.

Andover Oct. 26.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

Angel & Jones, Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Belmont, N. Y.

WILLIAM ANGEL, Geo. S. JONES.

V. A. Willard, Attorney and Counselor at Law, over Lombard & Fuller's store, Block, Main St., Belmont, N. Y.

A Small Essay on Tobacco.

BY A SMALL BOY.

Tobacco grows like cabbages, never saw none of it boiled, hitherto have eaten cabbages and vinegar, and have heard men say that all day for nothing was cabbage. Tobacco, stores are mostly ke wooden Injins, who stands fast in and try to fool little boys by giving them a bunch of cigars, which is out of wood also. Hogs do not eat tobacco, neither do I, I tried to eat a cigar once, and it made me feel very sick. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh, the people first saw him smoking, thought he was a steamboat, and never saw a steamboat, they were wrong. My sister Nancy is a 'dout know whether she likes to eat it. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her, who likes Leroy. He was standing the steps one night, and he said in his mouth, and he said he knew as she would like it, and he said "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable the next morning, when my brother Tom lighted his pipe near the door of the house, you hear that; the smell of tobacco made me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made of tobacco. I took a little snuff, then I sneezed.

Doings of a Two Cent Dog.

Not long since a two cent dog from an alley, followed by a brick, rounding the corner angles, he came in contact with a woman who was carrying molasses and a big bucket full. The sudden collision of the dog's lower extremities threw her feet, and she sat down on a of eggs, at the same time the jug of molasses on the ground.

A young man, carpet bag, anxious to catch the train, was close behind and stepping upon the contents of the jug and contents on the chest of the Dutch woman said "Mine Cot!"—The young man said about mad dog, but meant said it backward.

In the meantime the dog against the feet of a team of tacked to a wagon loaded with and they taking fright start the end board being out, went the railroad track, the wagon a rail and tore it from its upright position coming a few feet up a dozen cars, and the horses or forty hogs. The horses of home, ran through the barn over-turned a milk pail, and caught another two cent dog. One of the horses having been killed, and the other was for life. It is now a mooted whether the man who drove the two cent dog, or the owner it, is responsible for the accidents which followed.

The Univ

A Weekly Journal of Science, The Spiritual Philosophy, Independence, etc.

Consolidation of Chicago and Advance

Subscription rates.—By mail of New York, \$3.00 per year, in advance. Chicago subscribers, \$2.00 per year, in advance.

Advertising rates.—For space of one square, one week, \$1.00. For one week, \$1.00. For one week, \$1.00.

Address all orders, communications, etc., to H. S. LEE, 115 N. LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Union Ho

ANGELINA, W.

Address all orders, communications, etc., to H. S. LEE, 115 N. LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.